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PERSONALIA.

Personalia: Private Poems

BY W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS

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W. T. Lincoln Adams

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TO HER.

TO HER.

DEAR Other Self!
Thou art more fair to me than the Ideal
Which I aspire unto, that Higher Self,
Of which I dream, and ever hope to be,
But which, alas! forever my vain strivings
Fail to realize, and, save in Thee,
And in my dreams, remains unlived.

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

A four-leaved clover! May it be
The emblem of prosperity
For all that's Thine, and Thee!

As I am Thine, so then on me
Shall Fortune, though unworthily,
Bestow, because of Thee.

And thus together blessed shall we,
Though two, as One forever be,
Through Love, and Thee.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

A simple offering! Let it be
The Token of my love for Thee,
My hope, my prayer, my wishes true,
That all Things Good may come to you;

That joy of being, mind and soul,
With length of days, may form the whole
Of God's dear Plan, and happiness,
In truest sense, Thy life may bless.

WOOD-FIRE VISIONS.

How pleasant, when the work is done,
To rest before the wood-fire's glow;
To idly watch the shadows slow
Depart, as wanes the setting sun.

The shadows from the trees without,
Which fall across the polished floor ;
Within, the fire-light throws about
Fantastic images that soar,

In waking dreams, of days to come,
In palaces of Love and Rest,
Where all that's sad and wearisome
By loving sympathy is blessed.

Those future days so well I see,
Revealéd there in flaming form,
And Her dear face upturned to me
To meet the kisses long and warm.

AFFINITY.

The Mountain lifts his head aloft
To kiss the hem of Heaven's robe;
She, bending o'er him, touches soft
His forehead bare, with lips of love.

Ah, then in Spirit Thou art near!
I feel thy kisses warm and sweet:
Thou art to me as Heaven, Dear;
As Cloud and Mountain, so we meet!

ASUNDER.

Peace of the moon-lit night,
And the golden path on the sea!
Ah, would that my Spirit might
Go over the waves to Thee!

But the waters gleam evermore,
And the night-winds murmur and sigh;
The waves come in to the shore
To fall at my feet, and die.

DREAM-MEMORIES.

Dream-smiles and dream-wiles,
Dream-faces, Angel-sweet;
Tender touches of dream-fingers,
Eager lips that dream-lips meet.

Love lies in dream-eyes—
Dream-love, divinely deep—
And the memory o'er-lingers
Long the barriers of sleep.

MOMENTS.

("I moments live who lived but years."—THOREAU)

FRIENDSHIP.

When friend meets friend, with clinging palm,
And silent meaning stills alarm.

LOVE.

When lovers' lips—so warm and sweet—
In mutual understanding meet!

UNSPOKEN.

Our eyes are speaking, though the lips be dumb:
They tell what spoken words could ne'er impart;
Through channels, unimpeded, to the Heart,
The Silent Messages are sent, and come!

FOR LOVE.

For love the light of dawn awakes the earth,
And paints the tender colors of the sky;

For love the happy birds in tuneful mirth
Enchant the cool retreats where lovers lie;

For love the evening shadows, soft and sweet,
Mysterious spread their gloom, where lovers meet;

For love the ardent moon now glows, now pales,
As passing night-mist or reveals or veils;

For love the gentle night-winds soft caress
Sweet faces full of young Love's tenderness;

For love the waters stir with unrest deep,
And stars keep silent watch while lovers sleep.

NOCTURNE.

The Orange Hills looked dark, as from behind,
A sinking sun suffused the Western sky
With golden glory; the dreamy evening clouds
That floated low o'erhead, with crimson tinted;
And the pines that lined the summit, edged
With gold.

Above the ridge there dimly shone
A silvery crescent in this radient glow,
Which, growing ever brighter and more golden
As the sunlight faded from the sky,
The evening seemed to recompense and by
Its burrowed light Old Solar's dying splendor
To perpetuate.

And lovely Venus,
Bright and dazzling as on eve of yore,
When from the billows' foam she leaped ashore
Of fair Cythera, rose above the fir,
From this transcendent loveliness, and there
She reigned, to glorify this hallowed night,
And light me, eager, to the Love I sought.

VACATION VERSES.

ON THE PASSAIC.

FLOATING, drifting, drifting with the stream;
Bathed in a softly lessening light,
The setting sun's departing beam
That lingers long this summer night.

The deepening azure arch o'er-head,
The dimly mirrowing flood below;
By current gently, surely lead,
Adown the stream I softly go.

In double fringes on each shore
The willow and the alder grow,
While water-lilies blossom o'er
In frequent white and blushing blow.

Passaic, Ah, Passaic stream,
That flows through meadows fresh and sweet
On Thee to float, to drift, to dream,
Through summer night, is joy complete.

THE BLUET.

Dearest floweret of the meadow,
Symbol of the Good and Fair,
Growing simply, all unconscious
Of thy perfect life and rare.

Unpretentious, unattractive—
Save to those who wisely see—
More than all thy brighter comrades
Thou art beautiful to me.

Nestling closely to the greenness
Of some unassuming sod,
Thy sweet face is ever heavenward
And thy single eye, on God.

LIFE.

To work, and long for rest;
To rest, and wish for work:
To meet, and then to separate,
To love, and find that best!

REST.

Ah, what joy !
'o lie upon the clover in the shade
)f some o'er-hanging Monarch of the field;
'o rest upon a bed of flowers made,
.nd breathe the perfumes which the place pervade
Vhile there, of weariness and worry, healed!

THE STILL HOUR.

How pleasant in the darkening solitude,
When at the end of toilsome, sordid days,
To stand beneath God's vast infinitude,
And listen to the chant of Nature's praise.

'Tis good to rest me here beneath the stars,
Uncovered and heart-open, as I may:
The wearied Soul at last its door un-bars
And, filling then with peace, I softly pray.

A THOUGHT.

We suffer as we love :
The more intense the love, the deeper, truer,
More unselfish and divine; the keener pain.
Ah, God! how must it be with Thee?
Thou who lovest all so infinitely!

CHANGE.

"Change"? No change, no growth!
The saddest thing of Life
Most blessèd is, and hope
Of all aspiring souls:

So, too, may not our other
Sorrows, blessings be;
And, mayhap, sweetest joy,
The greatest woe?

INSPIRATION.

On Waumbek's Methna's *snowy summits,
On Ammonoosuc's Apthorpe shores,
Of what avail, unless God's Spirit,
Incarnate here, the Soul in-pours?

*The Indians' name for the White Mountains ("Mountains of the Snowy Foreheads").

MUSIC.

When soothing strains of music float
To one aweary, unaware;
To other Worlds, before remote,
The Soul is wafted from despair.

IN THE DAWN.

In the dawn,
In the virginal, pure dawn
Of the youthful, blossoming summer,
To walk, alone, uncovered,
Through the fragrant aisles of orchards
That lead outward,
That lead onward,
To the Undiscovered Country,
To the Arcady of Dreams,
Where dwell our hopes, the afterwhiles,
And Loves that might have been!
To hear the playful pipes of Pan;
The Satyrs dance, the Naiads sing:
To feel the youth of Everything
And all that makes Life glad.

INSCRIPTIONS.

TO WILSON.

ON HIS FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

O LITTLE BOY, so sweet, so small,
So dainty, and so very dear!
Thy baby voice, in helpless call,
Is music to thy father's ear.

Thy little eyes, inquiringly,
Look out in wonder on our Earth;
And thy parents in them see
The blessèd love which gave Thee birth.

Thy baby face, so sweet, so fair;
The rosy mouth and rounding chin:
Whose Image see we featured there,
What loving Spirit hides within?

It is the Father's blessing, Dear,
Thou broughtest to us from above;
We thank Him for thy coming here,
O little Boy, our Child of Love.

TO ELIZABETH.

ON HER FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY.

Dear little Girl, with angel face,
Whose smile was caught in Heaven,
In thy sweet lineaments we trace
The Love which God has given.

Thy dainty lips are Cupid's bow,
Thine eyes, the angels' windows;
Thy chubby cheeks are fair as snow,
Thy baby heart, Dear, who knows?

That heart of virgin purity—
The Type of all that's Good—
Thou broughtest from infinity
To bless our Parenthood.

In Thee a Message comes once more,
This blessèd Christmas-tide,
To urge our Souls more high to soar,
More trustingly confide.

TO BRIGGS.

A RONDEAU.

He loveth me, he loveth me,
My Baby Boy, he loveth me ;
Away from me he will not be,
My Baby Boy, he loveth me.

Ah, would that we might ever be,
As now, a loving Unity;
He loveth me, he loveth me,
My Baby Boy, he loveth me.

TO CAROLYN.

A TRIOLET.

She is sweet and she's fair,
Very fair;
And her eyes and her hair
Lend an air
That subtly encharm,
Every where.

And her song and her smile,
They beguile,
While the swift-moving shade
On the dial,
Unheeded, the fleet
Hours while.

O, she's sweet, and so fair,
Very fair;
So innocent, and—
Debonair,
With her none compare,
She's so rare!

L. of C.

TO MY NAMESAKE.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Dear little Namesake, may you be
All that is withheld from me,
Of attainment and of worth,
From this hour which gives you birth.

May my hopes, and strivings too,
All fulfilléd be in you;
And the Man that I would be,
Fully realized in Thee.

TO A FRIEND.

WITH SOME AUTOGRAPH VERSES.

To Thee, dear Friend, let me once more re-sing
The songs to sacred Memory grown so dear;
As Christmas offerings from a friend they bring
The thoughts and love which in them re-appear.

TO A FRIEND.

WITH SOME FLOWERS.

With hope sincere and fervent plea,
To Hygea and the Healing Powers,
That health may soon return to Thee
Sweet as the breath of these wild-flowers.

LINES.

WRITTEN IN AN OLD BOOK.

We live and read and pass away;
Our books, however, longer stay,
And sometimes unto strangers stray,
As this to me has found its way.

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